

TO
Mr. G R A Y,
ON HIS
O D E S.

I.

REPINE not, GRAY, that our weak dazzled Eyes
Thy daring heights and brightness shun,
How few can track the Eagle to the skies,
Or like Him, gaze upon the Sun!

II.

The gentle Reader loves the gentle Muse,
That little dares, and little means,
Who humbly sips her Learning from *Reviews*,
Or flutters in the *Magazines*.

III.

No longer now from Learning's sacred Store
Our Minds their health and vigor draw;
HOMER, and PINDAR are rever'd no more,
No more the *Stagyrite* is Law.

IV.

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IV.

Tho' nurst by these, in vain thy Muse appears,
To breath her ardors in our Souls;
In vain to fightless Eyes, and deaden'd Ears
The Light'ning gleams, and Thunder rolls!

V.

Yet droop not, GRAY, nor quit thy Heav'n-born Art,
Again thy wond'rous Powers reveal,
Wake slumb'ring Virtue in the *Briton's* Heart.
And rouse Us to *reflect*, and *feel*!

VI.

With antient Deeds our long-chill'd Bosoms fire,
Those Deeds, which mark ELIZA's reign!
Make *Britons*, *Greeks* again-----Then strike the Lyre,
And PINDAR shall not Sing in vain.

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